

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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Jasper's Note Book

There are two young men whose names have been figuring very largely in the newspapers of late. One of them, Joseph G. Robin, is in custody in New York City; the other, Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, left his home in Toronto some days ago, and is at the time of writing a fugitive from justice. They were both bright, particular stars in the firmament of high finance, and in view of the fact that such apparent success as was theirs for a considerable time so often has the effect of erecting envy and leading to emulation on the part of many who find get-rich-slow methods unsatisfactory, it is worth while paying a little attention to their careers.

Their antecedents differed very materially. Robin came to America from Russia at the age of fifteen and his first employment was that of a boot-black on the New York streets. This was twenty years ago. Getting together a little money he made one small speculation after another, the size of his deals increasing in something like geometrical progression. When he was twenty-five years old, he had obtained enough cash and credit to secure an option on certain Niagara power privileges. He sold these to the Edison company and the New York Central, netting no less than \$600,000. This was his first really big turnover. In a few months he had realized another half million out of a real estate deal on Pelham Parkway in New York.

With this stake of more than \$1,000,000 Robin began to branch out. He bought the controlling interest in the Aetna Indemnity Company. That institution already owned the Rochester Title & Guarantee outright. Then the consolidation of the Northern Bank with the Hamilton Bank and the Riverside Bank followed, and through the purchase of a controlling interest in the consolidated Northern Bank of New York he was enabled by manipulation to start half dozen other enterprises.

Among Robin's interests outside of banks and the insurance companies was the Bankers' Realty & Surety Company, a realty corporation heavily interested in Bronx lands; the South Shore Traction Company, the Babylon Railway Company, an old horse-car line recently electrified; the Fidelity Development Company, which owned the old Morris Park race track, and several others.

When money was needed to bolster any one of these companies Robin simply used his confidential man to furnish him with securities or paper, which he used as collateral at his banks.

The complications in which he became involved, as brought out in proceedings against him, would have been enough to drive the ordinary man crazy in a week. But if Robin felt the strain, he showed no evidence of it. He maintained a great estate in the country, and this was the scene of entertainment on the most lavish scale. Finally, however, the situation got beyond him. The bank, which was the basis of his operations, went smash, and now the public is being regaled with the whole story from the inside.

Dr. Nesbitt started out under very different auspices. He was born on a farm in Oxford County, Ontario, and was given by his parents the best education available. He took courses both in arts and medicine at the University of Toronto. As an undergraduate he showed talent of a high order, while his energy was all-compelling in its force. He had enormous physical strength, which is no small asset to a man in the making of a career when it is joined with mental gifts. There is a well-authenticated story that on one occasion, when paying an evening call, he declared that he could throw the upright piano in the room out the window. The owner dared him to do so. He took it up and had placed it on the window ledge when his host called for mercy.

He served through the Northwest rebellion and on his return settled down to practice, building up a large and lucrative connection. But he did not long remain content with this. He aspired to become a power in politics and was first prominent during the agitation over the Manitoba schools. He figured in an incident in connection with a bye-election in Cardwell, which was intended to seat him in the House of Commons, but his plans went awry that time. In 1898 he entered the Ontario Legislature as member for North Toronto, and was a big force in the stormy years that preceded the break-up of the Liberal ministry in that province.

When the Whitney government came in, he was even more of a thorn in the side to it than he had



MR. F. M. MORGAN
President of Edmonton Board of Trade for 1911

been to its predecessor. The so-called "silk-stocking" element in the Conservative party did not like him and his methods, and there was constant trouble till Mr. Whitney managed to induce him to accept the lucrative post of registrar for West Toronto. It is impossible to imagine a man who would take less kindly to the humdrum of a government office, and after dabbling in politics from his retreat from the day of his appointment, he threw up his post and ran for Mayor of Toronto. The present mayor of the city was also in the field, and a Liberal slipped in between them. It was noted at the time that in official Conservative circles there were no regrets expressed over the result. It made no difference who was chosen so long as Nesbitt was kept in the background.

But while he was thus politically active, he not only kept up his interest in his profession but launched out into all kinds of business enterprises. As a promoter he is said to have been without a peer in the city. A dental manufacturing company, a linen mill, a thread mill, and a steamboat line were a few of his ventures. He took hold of a taxicab business; he was the president of an insurance and of a loan concern. He was very active in Cobalt affairs from the earliest days. It was the bold stroke which he and others with him made, in using the greater part of the resources of the Farmers' Bank, of which he was the first president, to carry through a mining undertaking in Northern Ontario that has been his undoing. A more reckless business transaction has never been brought to light in Canadian financial history.

The remark which nine persons out of ten will make when he reads of all this is that such methods could have only one ending. It would be well if it were so. But unfortunately it is not. We know that there are many who have followed out the ideas of Robin and Nesbitt who have pulled through, the most of them probably lacking the ability that these two possessed. The example which they have given is a curse to young men of ambition. It has been the means of turning many a youth of ability and enterprise from a course in which he could with comparative ease have amassed a competence, though by slow degrees, into making a plunge by which he stands the chance of becoming a millionaire in a month or a year. Where he might have had peace of mind and filled an honorable and useful place in

closely. Not only does the experience of Winnipeg show the necessity of keeping up general efficiency in fire-fighting facilities but indicates that when a city reaches the stage where many large buildings spring up, it is imperative that fire-fighting methods be adapted to the new conditions. Within twelve months there have been eight fires within a narrow area, the loss in connection with which totals not less than \$1,110,000. No wonder that with this record that the citizens are alarmed over the situation.

The latest building projected for the city square is a warehouse on which so considerable a sum of money is to be spent that it is bound to be a permanency for many years. There is no question that the putting of this square to such uses is quite opposed to the sentiment of the mass of citizens. They opposed the location of the market there because they wished the property used as a city park.

The building of a city hall is a project that must be faced soon. It is not in the interests of efficiency or economy to have the different departments scattered through different buildings that we keep tinkering with to accommodate them all. What other city of 30,000 people ever persisted in such a system? Compare Edmonton with Calgary and Medicine Hat in this respect. But if we are going to crowd a market building, a warehouse, one of the numerous city office buildings, and other structures on this very desirable property, by no means let us overlook the incinerator, the Isolation Hospital and a few other institutions which do not seem to be welcome in the localities where they now are. Room might even be found there for Mr. Burns' much discussed establishment.

It was a year of very substantial progress which the retiring president and the secretary of the Board of Trade had to report at the annual meeting on Tuesday. The city's hopes for 1910 were much more than realized in every respect except one. There has not been the activity in railway construction that was promised and it will be one of the most important duties of the new officers, who were elected according to the programme announced last week, to see that the promises of the government and the contracts entered into with the various companies to build the different lines which are needed to open up our territory are carried out. Mr. McGeorge has done excellent work as president. How energetic and successful he and his associates have been in the reading of the reports at the annual gathering made quite clear. The Board has never been so effective a force in the advancement of the city's interests as at the present time and deserves the best support that can be accorded it.

Secretary Fisher has done particularly good work in seizing every opportunity to correct misstatements that appear in newspapers at a distance. The country has suffered much from these and it is imperative that they should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Incidentally the Board of Trade's reply can be made the means of giving the readers of the publications in question much useful information regarding conditions in this part of the world.

A typical incident of this kind was brought to notice during the past week. Mr. E. Edwards came to Canada from Pontypridd, Wales, last summer. He was only five weeks away from Liverpool and travelled as far West as Edmonton. On his return he wrote to the Pontypridd Observer, giving his impressions. It was a story which we are becoming familiar. The farmers that he came in contact with were in a bad way owing to the dry season. There was no hay available for the cattle and they would have to be sold at about \$5 per head. The asylums were full of people suffering from prairie madness. At "Edmundston" the good land was in the hands of the real estate agents, whom he describes as land sharks, who sold property over and over again, always on the lookout for the first payer of easy marks. "He booms the land" we are told, "in such a way and the people are going out with capital and he relieves them of it and lives fat on the first instalment. Sooner the better the government of this country takes the matter in hand and stops it."

To this Mr. Fisher replied with a letter a column and a half in length in which the misstatements are dealt with fully and the readers are given a correct idea of what awaits any of them who contemplate a move in this direction. The loose talk about the methods of the real estate agents he pays particular attention to and declares that the Board of Trade would very willingly investigate any specific charges that Mr. Edwards would like to bring. This would perhaps be more satisfactory as a preliminary than to appeal as he proposes, to the government of Great Britain.

society, he chooses to make himself the prey of constant dread, and to deaden the best impulses of his nature.

It is bad when a young man thus takes his life and his reputation in his hands. More pitiable far is it when one who has already won a position in the public estimation launches out on the risky and nerve-racking pathway that may lead to his being acclaimed a financial genius and worshipped by those who make a god of wealth or may just as easily lead to moral and material ruin, with a prison cell at the end.

It is the duty of the state so far as it can to place obstacles in the way of those who would gamble with the interests of others in the hope of enriching themselves. If government supervision were what it should be such jugglery as has taken place in connection with the Farmers' Bank or the New York institution that Robin used for his purposes would not be possible. But the main deterrent must be a realization on the part of the individual that such a career as those which we have been noticing is not, no matter what the actual money profit that comes in the end, worth while.

The annual meeting of the Hospital subscribers served to inform the body of citizens that the work of construction on the new building is coming along well and that it may be put to use at the close of the present year. This will be none too soon and the Board is to be congratulated on the way in which it is pushing matters ahead. Mr. A. C. Fraser, under whose presidency the problem was finally grappled with was re-elected to that office, a wise step.

The news of the resignation of Fire Chief Davidson has been received with general regret. Two weeks ago extended reference was made on this page to the good work which the department has done under his leadership. The great pity is that the rewards of the public service are so small compared with those offered by private enterprise that it is difficult to retain officials of exceptional capacity such as Chief Davidson.

The investigation being held in Winnipeg to determine what is responsible for the heavy loss that has occurred from fire in the business district there during the past year is worth while following



Those Country Lanes.

O country lanes, white-starred with bloom!
Where wild things nestle, shy and sweet,
Where all your waving grasses laugh
And part before my eager feet—
Could I forever dwell with you,
Letting the mad old world rush by,
And just be glad of wind and sun,
Of rocking nest and brooding sky!

I flow often in the crooked streets
I dream of you, sweet country lane,
And feel once more your soft breeze
Soothe
My sordid breast and weary brain!

Ever above the city's din,
Above the chink of yellow gold,
I hear a wild bird's ringing call,
I catch the scent of leaf-strewn mould.

Your grasses kiss my favored cheek,
Your Hawthorn drops her scented rain,
I am a child again, and dream
That Heaven's hides here, O flower-starred lane!

"A Little Vegetable."

I had a home-sick letter from a girl near and dear to me, who lives in the real Prairie West, yesterday, in which she graphically unburdened the loneliness and longing of her soul for the dear home-East by saying—

"I often wish I was a little Vegetable, that lived in a tiny garden, and had a really-true home. Sometimes the West, this bustling, growing, lusty land gets horribly on my nerves."

I suppose we have all gone through her experience at one time or another, and longed to go back to our gardens to vegetate. I suppose more, that always the hope of doing so, will be at the back of our minds.

Perhaps as much as the desire for the well-ordered, picturesque cities and towns from which we have hailed, is the sense of rest they suggest, now that we are away from them.

One forgets so soon the worries of those days that are past. At this distance it seems as if, if one returned only pleasant, happy things could happen there. I am afraid though, that we catch ourselves, that did we go back, we would find the same narrow-minded people to vex us, the same bread-and-butter struggle, climatic conditions quite as jangling to our nerves, and life just as sordid among brown-stone fronts, and well-kept lawns, as it often seems to us who live in this brisker and more commercial atmosphere. Prayers for respite rarely rise up hourly from all over the world.

To be let be. Can you not remember the falls of childhood, and how, hurt almost beyond bearing, you stayed the hands of friends who would have helped you rise, with that old cry—"let me alone." The longing to be "a little vegetable," finds an answer in the East from hundreds of ambitious young and old men and women—"Give me the chance, only let me get out West."

Is it not in either case the old lure of the distant prospect?

In a book I was reading the other day one of the characters, hardpushed by a long train of unfortunate circumstances, was walking far in the country, when in an old graveyard he came across a stone with this inscription.

"I will awake, O Lord when thou callest me.
But let me rest a little, for I am very weary."

I was going to write that weariness comes naturally as one gets on in years, but can't remembering the young-old men I know, and some young men who seem to live only memories. Years in themselves no criterion.

You can see any day young vegetables that seem to have gone completely to seed, and some old ones that are continually sprouting.

Sometimes I would also like to be a little vegetable, yet again I want the open, and show room to breathe in. What a place! Heaven must be, where we shall all be satisfied.

An hour with a millionaire.

And now I hope that a good many of us will have sense enough in the future to leave millionaires alone.

a speech he would have found himself "gentle but kindly" at the end of three minutes.

Great is the power of the Almighty Dollar. But I prefer Fels-Naptha to Fels-Orator.

At the Great Bonspiel.

Men are only children larger grown.

Curling is only "marbles" on a bigger scale, and boys are boys always. There have been a lot of "boys" paying boules from business this week. If the Trust Officer had had a mind to gather them in, all the boys he saw out of their desks at the banks, doctors from their offices, millers from their mills, and stray poli-

stanes. Some fancy them light, and some heavy, but it's the clever man that can put them where he wants them.

As this goes to press, the "boys" have all gone back to work. Some carried off suit-cases and some sported leekets, some expressed home-able arm-chairs, and some just took the memory of a hard, jolly, exciting week.

Does anyone know Will Carleton's "The Sceler's Story," and if so will they kindly send in the words to this column? A correspondent has written me, whose letter I have just received, asking for both it, and a poem entitled "Lasca," author unknown.

A New Year's Toast.

The January "Windson" contains the following toast by Miss Jessie Pope, which is of mutual application.

Well, here's good luck and lots of fun
To you and me and everyone.
And may the year, so new and small,
Bring brighter prospects for us all.

May each one get a better screw,
With lots of friends, but little "du."
When there's a "kill," may we be up,
And may the best team win "The Cup."

May future fashions suit us all,
May aviators never fall,
In short, here's luck and lots of fun
To you and me and everyone.

The Gift to Dr. MacQueen.

No more graceful act, has been performed by any church or association in Edmonton than that by which the Board of Managers and Congregation of the First Presbyterian Church, presented their pastor, the Rev. Dr. MacQueen with his beautiful home and a handsome sum of money, one day last week.

Dr. MacQueen is one of the big men of Edmonton—a Prince. Early and late for a quarter of a century he has given himself for the common good. Presbyterian is too narrow a name for a man of his wide sympathies, Christian, covers the ground better.

Once and awhile goodness and unselfishness are recognized in this world. The First Presbyterian Church has done not only itself, but the city, proud in this instance.

That Dr. MacQueen, and that good, charming and devoted woman, his wife, may be long spared with their children to enjoy their new home, and incidentally continue to confer blessings on this city will be the sincere wish of a United Edmonton.

Peggy

Not I for one, though indeed I am glad now that I went.

Human nature is always building out at such gatherings.

It boiled over when the little weeny-teeny man with the big long bank-account stood up to address the meeting.

He began by calling us "Friends," a nice homely greeting, which promised well. Then came the deluge. Out of the consequent confusion I gathered that the little man they had hoisted on the chair by this time, had sometime, somewhere, met Henry George and had ever since used no other. He didn't just put it that way, but that is the sum and substance of what he did say. What followed was a strange jumble that reminded me of a man giving his experiences at a revival meeting, and the work of that unmitigated actor, Stuart Nelson, where he gives the "Story of the Knife."

"Thirty years ago, my wife and I were awakened one dark night—all in one breath—by hearing stealthy sounds issuing from the rooms below stairs. Firmly grasping a knife in her hand, my noble partner, etc., etc." No break, no pause. In a moment our local town assessor was mixed up with Lloyd-George, puppy does with stout and long trials the Secretary of the Board of Trade, a Calgary that Naps-Feltha was going to bring out to Edmonton himself, oceans of soap-suds, and such a collection of mixed metaphors and stray cities that didn't do things and systems that were rotten, and dear knows what else, that the fish course had followed the soup, the entire fish, the joint, the desert and coffee—all, all, had fled, slipping tactlessly past my palate before I realized that lunch and speech were over, and the guests slipping rather sheepishly out to explain to each other how they came to go.

Probably not three men in the room but could have given a better exposition of the theme.

Generalities, references to "this splendid young city," more generalities, beginning nowhere and ending in exactly the same place.

If any local man had indicted such

professionals from their stamping grounds there would have been no room for the poor drunks and suspicious characters in the cells, at all, at all. But the P. O. was perhaps playing "hooky" himself, for no one molested the noble army of Broom-Carriers, and the fun at thespiel has been fast and furious, and there has been enough good fellowship, and high spirits, abroad in the Capital this week, to offset a month of so below.

There is no game in all the world quite as entralling as Curling. None in which a simple twist of the wrist counts for as much, or a good brawny arm to wield a broom, can accomplish such wonders.

It is a roving game, a solemn game, a game that demands close concentration mixed up with a good deal of the ice-ball coach's tactics. A player at really occupies the heights and then the depths. The "stane" decides.

Does it make a pretty draw to the tea, does it quick and draw in, chip the winner, clap and lie, according to the directions laid out for it by the broom, on such obedience to instructions, do the big boys spirits go up or down.

Why you'd think you were at a funeral to see Irwin of Fort Saskatchewan's face, when his rick goes "through the House."

"Bring it on, bring it on," implores a tiny Skip nearly beside himself, as a stone lags near the hog, and finally despite the most furious broom-polishings, refuses to budge that little inch that makes all the difference.

Rubbing his arm disconsolately the skipper goes back to his place at the side of the ice, and the man with the hawk-eye at the House-end rests on his broom, until another rock sails down the centre, to challenge his attention.

Oh but it's the trickiness those mischievous, whorl-looking stones are capable of! You've got to be watching them constantly to get on to the elfish ways of them.

You couldn't persuade E. C. Pardee to use A. C. Fraser's rocks. Nor he. Every boy knows his own marbles, and every Curler the run of his own

IBSEN'S HOUSE.

In the little town of Grimstad, on the southern coast of Norway, is to be seen an ancient dilapidated and empty house, modest in the extreme even in its days of prosperity. It is only of one story, and was formerly a chemist's shop. The present proprietor is thinking of either selling or rebuilding it. The alternative would be almost sacrilege, for it was in this modest structure that Ibsen served his apprenticeship and afterwards carried on business as a chemist. He passed his time here during the agitated period of 1849 and the time of the first war between Prussia and Denmark. There he composed his poem dedicated "To Hungary," in his leisure at night he wrote "Catilina."

Against the alternative proposal of the destruction of Ibsen's house at Grimstad Mr. Georges Brandes enters a spirited protest and appeals to the Storting to buy the house and preserve it as a national memorial. "Within the walls," writes M. Brandes "Ibsen perceived the resplendent fame before him, both in poetry and glory. There he took the decision to abandon compounding juleps and cerates to dedicate himself to art. Grimstad, when Ibsen dwelt in its midst, possessed but 800 inhabitants, and the little structure, which it is hoped will be preserved, was the house of the town. The people gathered here to transact their business and discuss passing events. The souvenirs of Ibsen are rare in Norway—let us preserve the house."—London Globe.

REFUSED BRITISH TITLES.

A long list might be compiled of men who refused titles. Gladstone, of course, is the best known instance, but there are many others. Carlyle refused the Grand Cross of the Bath in 1857 Palmerston wanted to make the Marquis of Lansdowne a Duke, but the "Vector of the Whigs" declined the honor on the ground that he was too old to change his rank. According to Henry Greville the same plea of old age was advanced by the Duke of Grafton who offered a vacant Garter in 1834. "It was an honor he had long coveted, but it would be a waste of money for a man to pay fees amounting to nearly £1,000 for a decoration which he could not live long to enjoy." Two distinguished historians, Groat and Hallam, refused baronetcies, and the same honor was declined by Watts, the painter, in 1885.

Lord Beaconsfield found in his time that there were those who were disappointed with the mere rank of knight bachelor. But, as Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's diary records, he had the answer for one member of his party who ventured to complain of insufficient recognition. "I assure you," he said, "you altogether under-rate the honor of knighthood. It satisfied Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Isaac Newton."—London Chronicle.



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TOLSTOI AT YASNAYA POLYANA.

The Count is here seen walking around the house, followed by his sister-in-law, a widow, who lived with him.

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Music and Drama

In a recent issue of the Saturday Globe, Toronto, appears a remarkable article by Currie Love, whose home is evidently in Calgary, on "How western Canadians get their amusements."

"Calgary, the largest and most important town between Winnipeg and Vancouver," we are told, "has to some extent solved its problem by the establishment of two resident stock companies, one for drama and one for music. The bill is changed twice weekly in both houses, and each has its own clientele, who are regular patrons at every new performance. Calgary also boasts a 'vodevil' house, which opens and closes with

moving pictures and has about five fairly good acts in between. In addition to this there are five moving picture houses, all of which are crowded at every performance, and more picture houses are in process of erection or are being projected.

"In the smaller towns picture houses are the only relief, except for amateur entertainments and church concerts, and the occasional visits of the Calgary stock company when the home theatre is engaged by a visiting aggregation."

"At present," the article continues, "there are only five towns large enough to support a big show, and they are Winnipeg, Regina and Lethbridge, Calgary and Vancouver. Ed-

monton cannot be considered, because it is off the main line and necessitates a side trip of eight hours and then back again to Calgary."

Such a misrepresentation should not pass unnoticed. We have still a considerable way to go in the way of dramatic and musical attractions in this part of the west, but what company of any importance ever visited Calgary that did not also come to Edmonton? Nor have those which have made the trip ever had reason to complain of the patronage received in the capital city.

It may seem to some a small matter to take the writer of the

theatrical's reading was much appreciated by all lovers of elocution.

The concert at McDougall Church, in connection with the opening of the fine new edifice, proved the means of introducing talent of exceptional ability. Mr. Mortimer Johnson, a fellow pupil of Kocian's and the intimate of Kubelik, gave the wonderful finale of Mendelssohn's great Concerto. It was done the most simple justice to and it is to be sincerely hoped that occasions will frequently arise when we may have the pleasure of paying tribute to Mr. Johnson's art. Mrs. Wilson Hubbs, also a newcomer to

Parlow in Edmonton next month, Mr. George H. Suckling being responsible for bringing her here.

"Beethoven's music," said the Sun, "filled the programme offered by the New York Symphony Society at the New Theatre. This was the first of its second series of eight Sunday concerts, and Walter Damrosch had placed on his programme for this occasion only such works of Beethoven as are familiar or best loved. It may also be said at the outset that the performance of the afternoon's music was instinct with a peaceful and quieting content."

"The symphony chosen was the fifth, and the overture to 'Egmont' was also played at the close of the programme. There were two solo performers. The barytone, Horatio Coan, sang with much fervor 'An die Hoffnung' to an orchestral accompaniment instrumented by Felix Mottl, and Kathleen Parlow played Beethoven's beautiful concerto. Rarely is a more beautiful performance of the work to be heard than that given by this young artist yesterday. It was one to which she brought a commanding skill, much expressive and reverential feeling and a lovely tone. Indeed the spirit with which conductor, orchestra and assisting artists entered into the superb beauty and triumphant music they gave was one which could not fail to communicate itself to the audience."

Madame Nordica and Madame Melba have been singing in opera for two decades, and are still unapproached, says Philip Hale in the Boston World. How is it that in 1910 they were able to give such pleasure to hearers who have witnessed the rising and waning of so many prima donnas? Because Nordica and Melba first learned to sing. They learned the proper use of the voice. After all the labor, all the strain, they are still mistresses of song.

One thousand dollars for singing a single song.

That was the sum which Miss Marie Tempest received for singing the immortal nightingale aria from "The Tyroleans" at the gala dinner given by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, at her New York home, Thursday night to members of the Four Hundred.

Mrs. Fish's dinner was one of the most splendid social functions of the season, and was unique in many respects.

Of course the star of the night was Miss Tempest. She has never appeared at a private entertainment before in her career, but at the solicitation of Mrs. Fish she consented to appear and sing the song she made famous in her light opera days. Melville Ellis also broke all financial records for accompanists by receiving \$200 as his stipend for accompanying Miss Tempest on the piano.

Although a scene from "Pendennis" was dramatized last night, Thackeray's work has not been adapted for the stage so often as that of Dickens, nor have the adaptations generally been successful. Thackeray was essentially a novelist to be read, not to be acted; there is little that is dramatic in his books, which deal with the lives of people as a whole, not as episodes. Dickens has been more successful on the stage, but none of his work, except "A Tale of Two Cities," which is known in drama as "The

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BREAKFAST AT YSNAYA POLIANA.

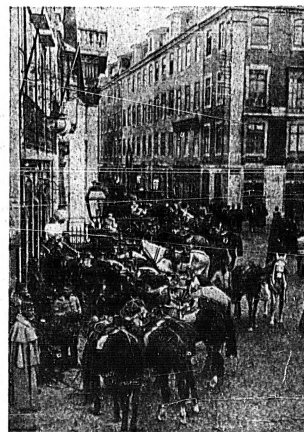
It was customary at the late Count Tolstoi's rural home in Russia for the family to breakfast in the open air during the summer months. The great author, his wife and his son are seen in the above picture.

article in question to task over, but it must not be forgotten how persistent has been the effort of a certain section of the people of the southern city to give outsiders the idea that Edmonton is the jumping-off place of the earth, and that one might as well live in Fort McPherson as here. The extent to which theatrical and musical life is developed in a community means much in attracting certain people there, and it is only right that the facts should be clearly stated in this connection. Not only does Edmonton receive as many visits from well-known musicians and actors as does Calgary, but it can be said with perfect confidence that its own talent along these lines is developed to a far greater extent than in the southern city.

The good work which the Women's Musical Club is doing is undoubtedly. The Saturday afternoon programmes which it has been providing are of the highest order of merit and prove a boon to all lovers of good music. It is the intention to hold some open meetings later in the season of which the general public should be sure to avail itself. Last Saturday a programme of French music was given; the arrangements being in charge of Miss Lansdowne and Miss Haight. Godard and Chaminade numbers had a prominent place. The former's exquisitely beautiful "Angels Guard Thee" was given by Miss Seymour, with Mr. Nash playing the violin obbligato. Miss Seymour was also very fortunate in the selection of her first number, D'Hardiel's "Bessie." Miss Ethel Webster's splendid big voice was never appreciated more than in Chaminade's delightful "L'Ete," given with an intensity and clarity of tone production that denote the true mistress of the art of singing. Few modern composers make so universal an appeal as Chaminade, and Mlle. Martin's piano solo "Elevation" was one of the gems of the afternoon. Mr. Hendra, as always, was heard with great pleasure in Godard's "Chanson de Fleurs" and in the more ambitious "Salut demeure chaste et pure" from Faust. Miss McIsaac and Miss Haight offered a very charming rendition of a minuet from "Manon," and Mr. Nash's violin solo was also a much-enjoyed number. Miss Crawford and Capt. Watts were very efficient, accompanists, while Miss We-

the city, has a rich contralto, and delighted everyone with her solo, Albeniz's "The Lord is my light." Members of All Saints Church Choir under Mr. Barford, took part in the programme in addition to the choir of the church. The other vocal soloists, Miss Gertrude Patterson, Mrs. S. M. Morrison, Mr. W. J. Hendra and Mr. Howard Stutchbury, were all heard with pleasure, as was Capt. Watts' clarinet solo. Miss Crawford and Mr. Hunt at the piano and Miss Clark at the organ admirably discharged the duties of accompanists. The choirmaster, Mr. V. P. Hunt, is to be congratulated on the excellent programme which he was able to present.

The New York Sun is not a paper which hands out its praise indiscriminately. I was therefore very much delighted in reading the following the other day among its musical notes, knowing that we are to hear Miss



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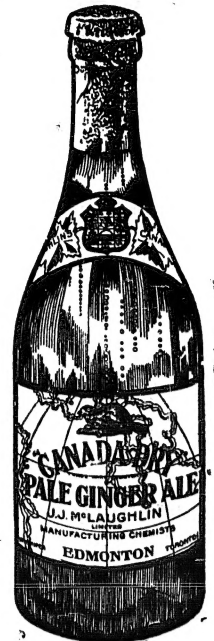
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PHOTOGRAPHER

Home and Society

Apparently we are in for a short time. Social notes might very readily be eliminated this week without anyone's being the wiser by it. I suppose there will be the Fortnightly Assembly next Friday. Mrs. Ennis I know if nothing else.

Miss Anna Oliver left for Ottawa on Tuesday afternoon's train.

Mr. Jack Landry, who visited Edmonton some years ago, and made a great many friends for himself, has returned to the Capital to become a member of the firm of Gariepy and Landry.

Mr. and Mrs. Hector Landry, who have been visiting Mr. Landry's pa-

was becomingly attired in pale blue silk crepe.

Mrs. Charles Mitchell, who poured tea, was greatly admired in a lovely gown of amethyst and melrose cloth, and wore a large drop with white willow plume. Mrs. Hislop served the ices, and looked sweetly pretty in a dove-colored silk poplin, with white fox furs and turban to match. Miss Ethel Webster, Miss Kathleen Murphy, and Miss Forin assisted in the tea room.

The tea-table was beautifully decorated with red and white carnations, and red shaded candles. Mrs. Clarry received many visitors during the afternoon, and in future will receive on the third Tuesday in the month.



Photograph, 1910, by Underwood and Underwood, New York.

THE GRENADEER POMPON.

Fashion's latest achievement in the line of luxury and beauty. It is a sort of sunburst formed of the pale golden feathers of the famous "Bird of Paradise," tipped with a rich dark brown, like the velvet chapeau which it decorates.

rents in Dorchester, N.B., spending some time also in other eastern cities, arrived home by last Wednesday morning's train.

Miss Florence Lindner of Calgary arrived in town on Thursday to visit Mrs. Sifton.

Mrs. Alan Fraser will not receive during the month of February, but will resume her reception day in March.

Mrs. W. H. Waddell will receive on Monday, January 30th for the first time since moving into her new residence, 806 Twenty-Third Street. Afterwards she will keep the day of the district, the first Monday of the month.

Mrs. Bulyea held the first reception of the season at Government House on Thursday afternoon last, when a large and very smart turnout of callers paid their devotions, cheery grates fired and quivers of fragrant cut flowers making the handsome rooms more than usually attractive. With Mrs. Bulyea who was looking more robust than usual, and very charming in an elegant toilette of heavy black silk net over softest champagne satin, with broad bands of emerald-spotted more silk, and exquisite jet garters on the bodice, was the Premier's wife, Mrs. Sifton ultra smart, in a magnificent costume of sapphire silk velvet, with handsome jewelled embroidery.

In the tea room, Mrs. Tolly, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Clark Dennis, Mrs. Inglis, and Miss Anna Oliver, did the honors, the table being laid with a great shower of red and white carnations, softly-shaded candles also adding a touch of charm.

Mrs. L. F. Clarry and Miss Gertrude Clarry, held their first reception since coming to Edmonton, at 424 Twelfth Street, on Friday last, January 20th.

Mrs. Clarry wore an elegant gown of olive green satin with touches of gold and mauve. Miss Gertrude Clarry

never, never have been lost. The novice need not once release; he feeds a word, a phrase, a clause, and he gets automatic verse by just obeying simple laws; it grinds me sweet love sonnets out and quatrains apt enough to quote, and any kind of verse about, that Burns or Byron ever wrote; and Elsie Lee Gray's so bring from my invention—songs like birds—is just the very simple thing of pumping air and feeding words. So poets might as well resign: the laurels that upon the brow of Petrarch used to rest are mine—I have a Poemata now!

And Am: is such a simple thing—I have a hand-made Art Machine that turns me sketches, out of sprig and many a sky and woodland scene. I feed it only paints and oils, some canvas and a brush or two; and my invention never spoils a painting, as some artists do. I just sit down and pedal hard on my device and in about a minute's time I turn a yard or two of real Old Master out; I turn out landscapes and marines by simply feeding colors in; and I get splendid fishing scenes with just a dash of salt and fin. My walls are covered and complete with canvases that I have done by simply pumping with my feet and letting my paint-brushes run. What need to study Art for years as artists of the old time did? What need of poverty and tears and light beneath a loaded lid? Nay, nay! Invention is the word, and I have laurels on my brow until the size of them's absurd—I have an Aristotela now!

And oh, divinity of delights! I have a patented concern that lets me sleep in peace of nights, not caring if the cook return. I feed into my food machine most any sort of pantry trash and get sonnets of baked beans and nocturns of good stew or hash. I only have to pedal hard or softly, as the case may be; and there is not a busy hard gets such good food as comes to me. My culinary art in eggs and belts and wheels divinely blent; it fries me toothsome legs of frogs, with relish, sauce and condiment. I set the pointer—see! 'tis oiled—alleviate in the side I pressed and out comes lobster finely broiled, a salad quite divinely dressed. What need to seek a grander field? What need for blessings more to look? The ages' secret is revealed—I have an Automatic Cook! The laurels Epicurus wore are firmly settled on my brow. In life for me is nothing more—I have a Kitchentola now! —J. W. Foley.

FOR A CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Pittsburg Plans to Place Flowers and Trees in Unightly Places.

(Pittsburg Gazette-Times)

Unique plans for the improvement of the aesthetic appearance of the city were developed at the chamber of commerce during a meeting of the beautification committee of the Greater Pittsburg Association.

A campaign for remarkable transformation is on foot. In the spring twenty-five hundred trees are to be placed along the Grand Boulevard.

A vigorous effort is to be made to eradicate bill boards. Co-operation will be asked on the part of the telephone and telephone companies to hurry the work of placing wires under the ground with the resultant elimination of unsightly poles.

Upon the face of the bill overlooking the boulevard and the many other hillsides to be found throughout the city, it is proposed to plant clinging vines of ivy, Virginia creepers, wild roses and lily sweets. The existing forbidding stretches of shade rock are to be transformed into bowers of beauty.

It is planned to cause vacant lots to be covered with rich green grass. Thoroughfare of the city are to be lined with trees under the guidance of the city and with the co-operation of the property holders.

When Greater Pittsburg becomes a reality, macadam roads, now existing in many parts of the country, are to be extended into the city proper. Along the roads fruit trees will be planted. In the springtime the blossoms will present a scene of great beauty. Later, when the fruit ripens, it will become the property of the general public. Motorcycle police will patrol the roads and the fruit trees are not destroyed nor the fruit gathered for the purpose of sale.

We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by our reiterated choice of good or evil.—George Eliot.

Personal Mention

The Canadian Courier makes this reference to a woman well-known to all old-timers of the west, "speaking of fiction" it says "what of the frontier woman in Western Canada there's a chance for a scrivener? He will need some imagination. The woman in the prairie schooner had no Russell. The vicissitudes through which she passed, the men she made—historians should get more of this copy into type. But perhaps they will never know.

"Mrs. P. G. Laurie of Battleford is a woman who could correct their proofs. She was once Mrs. Laurie of Fort Garry, one of six white ladies in the settlement. Her husband was getting out one of Winnipeg's first newspapers when he was not after Riel's scalp and repelling the Fenians. When the Fenians were excited, Mrs. Laurie set type, wrote editorials, and ran the press. Warrior Laurie would have been minus his circulation had it not been for Mrs. Laurie.

"Talk about Agnes Laut, Nellie McClung, and other literary heroines of the plains—they got their material second-hand and fixed it up in a padded library chair!

"It was in 1882 that she staged it to Battleford in the rain. Here, soon after her arrival, bullets began to snop. The Laurie's house went up in smoke, including the printing press. Mrs. Laurie became a prisoner of war. When she got out the literary lapse was broken. The Lauries had a new paper. That paper is still circulating. Mrs. Laurie is a still circling now. Her hobby is the paper. She is the most unique figure among Canadian women journalists, this old lady of seventy-three years, who hammers away at the Grits in an ultra-Tory fashion in a province which is ultra-Liberal."

The death of Rev. Alexander Macdonald of Strathcona removes a man to whose lot it fell to play a part of no inconsiderable importance in Western development. He was the first Baptist minister west of the Great Lakes. He reached Winnipeg in 1873 and stayed there for many years. After a decade spent in Dakota he came to Edmonton, founding the First Baptist Church in 1893. Later he started the work of his denomination in Strathcona and Leduc, finally retiring fifteen months ago. He was a rugged type of pioneer, endowed with unusual foresight and energy, and those to whom his ministrations meant so much in the early days will hear of his passing away with regret. Mr. J. H. Macdonald of the Strathcona Plastering and Prof. R. A. Macdonald of Woodstock College are sons.

A man who for the past eleven years occupied the post of immigration officer at Calgary must have come into touch with a large proportion of the present population of Alberta. Accordingly the news of the death of Mr. James Winn, which took place suddenly last Saturday, will arouse very general interest. Mr. Winn was in the 74th year of his age and became a resident of Calgary in 1891. He had a wide knowledge of conditions in the province and his kindness to newcomers will be long remembered by those whom his duties brought him into contact with.

Rev. Sanford Marshall, who has been called from Centenary Church, Hamilton, to Central Methodist Church, Calgary, is a brother of the late Rev. E. E. Marshall of McDougall Church, Edmonton, to whom he bears a striking resemblance.

Toronto Saturday Night contains a sketch of the career of Sir Aemilius Irving, who is now in his 88th year. Sir Aemilius has a clear recollection of early events in Canadian history. He witnessed, for one thing, the execution of Tamm and Matthews in the Rebellion of 1837. He is the father of Dr. L. E. W. Irving, Edmonton.

Col. Irvine, Warden of Stony Mountain Penitentiary, Manitoba, a former Commissioner of the Mount of Police, is seriously ill.

Rev. Calvin McQuesten has resigned the assistant pastership of the First Presbyterian Church, Edmonton.

Dr. Clark, M.P. for Red Deer, has been invited to add to the Canadian Club of Boston this week.

Bishop Grisdale of Qu'Appelle di-

cese has resigned after a fourteen years' tenure of the post.

J. C. McDougall and G. U. McDougall returned this week to Edmonton after a visit to the New York Automobile Show.

Mr. J. A. Aylwin, whose death occurred in Calgary this week, was up till a year ago a well-known figure in Edmonton real-estate and insurance circles. To Mrs. Aylwin, who is a sister of Mr. F. M. C. Crookill, secretary-treasurer of the City of Edmonton, deep sympathy will go out.

The manager of the Grand Trunk's new hotel in Ottawa, the Chateau Laurier, which is now fast approaching completion, is to be Mr. F. W. Bergmann, for two years past manager of the C.P.R. hotel at Banff.

The St. Mary's Journal of last week contains the following:—

"Mr. Walter Ramsay of Edmonton visited last week with his mother near Thorndale. Mr. Ramsay graduated from the St. Mary's Collegiate about 12 years ago and went to the West as a school teacher. Shortly afterwards he entered into business as a florist at Edmonton and now has the largest greenhouse in the West. Mr. Ramsay has also benefited greatly by the increasing value in real estate during the past ten years. On his visit East he is inspecting some of the large greenhouses in Ontario preparatory to enlarging his own conservatories. Mr. Ramsay, who is chairman of the board of education at Edmonton, is also investigating certain lines of technical education in the East."

COLDEST TOWN IN THE WORLD.

The coldest inhabited place in the world is undoubtedly Verkhoyansk, in north-eastern Siberia, with a mean annual temperature of less than three degrees above zero, Fahrenheit, and a winter minimum of eight-fifty below.

Verkhoyansk is in north latitude sixty-seven degrees, on the great Arctic plain, scarcely more than one hundred miles from the level of the sea. Probably there would be no town there if it were not necessary to Russian governmental purposes to have an administration centre for a region where many thrifty Yakuts, the fur-trading "Jews of Siberia," carry on their operations.

All the inhabitants, save a few officials and older Russians, are Yakuts. This does not prevent its being a place of some importance, for the Yakuts are the most progressive people in Northern Siberia, excelling the Russians themselves in enterprise and adaptability to Siberian conditions of existence.

The average temperature of the winter in Verkhoyansk is fifty-three degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The winters freeze to the bottom, and the small trees have been known to snap and split from the force of the frost.

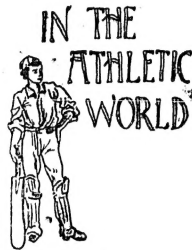
Yet, with all this, Verkhoyansk is claimed, not a disagreeable place of residence, and is preferred by the Russian officials to many more southern and warmer posts. Its atmosphere in winter is always clear, and for the little time that the sun is above the horizon its beams are unobstructed. The air is still, too; no blizzards or drifting snowstorms make life a burden to the inhabitants.

The Siberian dress completes the comfort of the citizens of this Arctic city. It consists of two suits of fur, an outer and an inner suit. The inner suit is worn fur side inward, the outer fur side outward. With his hood down and just enough space to see out of and to breathe through, the Verkhoyansk is vastly more comfortable in a temperature of eighty below than many a Canadian, in his cloth overcoat, in a temperature of five below zero.

The winter, indeed, is more enjoyable than the summer, which is hotter than might be expected. The average temperature of July in Verkhoyansk is fifty-nine below zero, and very hot days are not uncommon. The earth becomes green and vegetation thrives, though only the surface of the ground is thawed. At Yakutsk, which is farther south than Verkhoyansk, but not much warmer in winter, the mercury rises in July to one hundred degrees.

"If the shoe fits, wear it," is a time-worn saying; but with a woman if the shoe fits, she takes it back because it is too big.

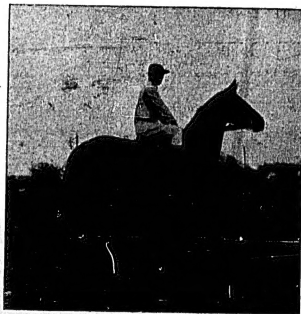
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The London Saturday Review, which, as all Englishmen at least know, is no pink sheet of ordinary sporting dope, but a high-class literary political and social weekly, has these observations to make which are well worth paying close heed to:

When the last representative of an old institution dies the sentiment of the past touches us, though we may not regret the passing of the institution itself. Jim Mace was the last of the old champions of England, and for several hundred years Englishmen vaunted themselves on their unique prize ring and honored its champions. The prize-fighter's qualities were: valour, and symbolized the British valor that had won the victories of Marlborough and Wellington and Nelson.

South Africa and Australia must have been a thriller. It brought into the limelight once more a man who eight years ago was acclaimed the greatest cricketer in the world and revealed another of Australia's long line of successors to the great bowler Spofforth. The South Africans led by



"Woodbine," of the Camick Stables, the mare that won the Emperor of Japan's Cup at the Nippon Race Club meet, held in Yokohama during the last week of October.

We have lost that sentiment, and Palmerston declared that if that happened and there was no honor for the ring England would lose her ancient virtue. Judged so, the time has come. Since Mace we have raised no champion who could not be knocked silly by the first-come — an American, white or negro. Our fathers did not despise the fighter; we do. And yet such men as Mace, Gully and Cribb and other champions had the business and practical talents of Englishmen in a high degree. Perhaps the educated classes are mistaken in looking coldly on boxing. It is still the best English game to teach youth for its skill, manliness and usefulness. Mace was a man whom it is quite seemly to honor as a supreme master of a craft once, if not now, esteemed by Englishmen. He lived honorably a life of many interests, and if he died poor it was not through the stupidity or dissipation. About a year ago we were pleased to see that a Magistrate in whose court Mace was giving evidence treated the old man as a worthy survivor of notable English tradition.

The appointment of Alex Decoteau, champion long and middle distance runner of Alberta, to a place on the Edmonton police force, adds a new terror to evil doers. Burglars and sneak-thieves, to provide for emergencies, will have to go into training. Decoteau, incidentally, will be a source of great strength to the force's athletic association.

So many conflicting reports come regarding the western baseball situation that it is difficult to get any idea of what is to be offered us in this line next summer. Personally an Alberta league looks good to me. The terrific distances that have to be travelled, if the whole of the west is taken in make the financial problem a stiff one. Why anyone should want to exclude the Alberta clubs from the old organization is a mystery, when it is considered that it was these clubs which last year put up the only baseball that was worth while.

The second cricket test between

As this column is being prepared the great horseship is reaching its final stages. A few hours more and the various events will have been decided. That it has been an unqualified success everyone is agreed and plenty of good sport and good fellowship has been available for every true cricketer. The banquet on Saturday night and the sermon by Rev. Dr. MacQueen the night following were features of the week.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA.

(Continued from page three.)

Only Way," has kept the boards for long.

It is curious that the most successful of the Victorian novelists on the stage was Mrs. Henry Wood, whose "East Lynne" has become a theatrical proverb for success. But the Brontës have never appealed to the dramatist, and no playwright has ever tackled either George Eliot or George Meredith, both of whom would probably spell ruin to any theatre that attempted to perform their works—London Globe.

How many people are aware of the circumstances through which Madame Melba's husband secured his release from the thralldom under which he believed he suffered?

They were certainly not known to Agnes Murphy, biographer and intimate friend of Melba, when she was in Winnipeg last September, writes Charles H. Wheeler in Winnipeg Town Topics. On being questioned about the American divorce, she confessed her entire ignorance, and desired to learn the facts.

"But surely Madame must have told you?"

"No, I know nothing. Can you give me any information?"

I told her I could, and thought it strange that no one in England or Australia had heard of the case that attracted considerable attention at the time in musical circles throughout the United States. But as Miss Murphy still adhered to her partial disbelief, I unfolded to her the following story, and upon its conclusion she declared that she would write for authentic particulars to the town in which the decree of divorce was granted, and if the story was uncorroborated she would write and let me know. As I

Stewart, judge of the Tenth Judicial District of Texas, Galveston, on April 5th, 1900.

"Plaintiff testified that his name was Charles N. F. Armstrong; that he had been an actual bona fide inhabitant of the State of Texas and County of Galveston since May, 1895, in which month he removed to said state and county from North Carolina, and has been since then and for more than six months next preceding the filing of this suit legally residing in said state and county; that the defendant, Nellie Armstrong, is not now nor has she ever been a resident of this state, but is a non-resident thereof; that plaintiff and defendant were lawfully intermarried in about the month of December, 1882, in Australia, and they lived together as husband and wife until about the year 1894, when defendant voluntarily, without cause, left plaintiff's bed and board with the intention of abandonment, and there declaring that she would not live with him any more, and for more than three years next before the filing of this suit has deserted plaintiff.

"Plaintiff has invited her to live with him as his wife and she has refused to do so, and without cause has so refused to keep her marital obligations; that plaintiff has observed all his marital obligations and always supported defendant in good style, and conducted himself lovingly towards her. The only child born of this marriage is a son now sixteen years old, now living with plaintiff and named George Nesbitt Armstrong.

"In May, 1895, plaintiff bought land, 206 acres, in Karnes County, Texas, and also bought all the personal property now situated on said land with money exclusively and entirely derived by plaintiff by descent from Sir Andrew Armstrong, Bart., and Lady Frances Fullerton Armstrong, of Kings County, Ireland, the father and

in 1900, been set for hearing upon April 5, 1900, by the Court, and said cause on said day of April 5, 1900, coming on to be heard, and it appearing to the Court that citation in this cause issued out of this Court on Dec. 12, 1899, oath having been duly made by the plaintiff that defendant is a non-resident of the State of Texas, addressed to the sheriff or any constable of Galveston County, Texas, such citation, and so on, which need not be here continued, the gist of the decree is in the concluding paragraph.

"It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed by the Court that plaintiff, Charles N. F. Armstrong, be separated from the bonds of matrimony before existing between him and the defendant, Nellie Armstrong; and said marriage is hereby dissolved; and it is further considered, adjudged and decreed that plaintiff have the sole and separate custody of the said son, George Nesbitt Armstrong, during his minority; and it is further ordered, adjudged and decreed that the described real and personal property is the sole and separate property of plaintiff.

(Signed) STEWART, Judge."

The husbands of other prima donnas I could mention have proved themselves more complaisant than Melba's male partner, who doubtless felt the indignity of being merely a domestic adjunct in the household of his much admired and celebrated wife.

FIRST NIGHTER.

MR. SYDNEY BUXTON'S GREEN TROUSERS.

A good story was told at a dinner in London recently, of how Mr. Sydney Buxton, postmaster-general, lost his trousers while travelling to London to attend a Cabinet Council. Mr. Buxton, so the story was told, got to a railway station five minutes before the train arrived, and he sat down on a bank to wait.

When he got into a compartment he found his coat and waistcoat were full of ants, so he took them off and shook them. Shortly afterwards, he felt the ants inside his trousers—so he took them off, and was shaking them out of the window, when a passing train took the trousers out of his hand.

This was very awkward, he was going to a Cabinet Council, and he had on a frock coat, but no trousers. At the next stopping place he called to a porter, "I have had the misfortune to throw my trousers out of the window." That won't do," said the porter, and he shouted to the guard, "Here's a bloke in the first-class without any haags on!"

The guard came up, and, seeing how things were, telegraphed to King's Cross. "There is a Cabinet Minister in the train who has thrown his trousers out of the window; get another pair for him."

When Sydney Buxton got to London he was provided with a pair of green trousers, such as porters have, and in them he went to the Cabinet meeting.



The Emperor's Cup, won by Mr. J. C. Fletcher, a Canadian horse owner and trainer, resident in Japan.

have not yet heard from her, presumably the legal formalities must have been correct, and that Madame Melba is free to marry again if she chooses. I wonder if Miss Murphy will revise the next edition of her life of the famous prima donna by informing the world of an important event in the singer's public career.

There is nothing of a salacious or sensational nature on record in the proceedings at law, as is commonly the case in matrimonial disputes; the divorce being interesting only on account of its association with the great diva who enthralled several thousand Winnipeggers in September and October, 1900, having previously captured audiences on three continents—Europe, America and Australia.

mother of said plaintiff, both deceased." Indorsed on this statement of facts is the following:

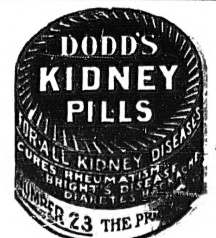
"I certify that the above evidence was heard on the trial and now filed by the court in the papers of this cause."

WILLIAM H. STEWART, Judge. The only paper for the defence is: "Now comes Nellie Armstrong, defendant; in the above numbered and entitled cause, and denies all and singular the allegations in plaintiff's petition contained."

GEORGE D. ANDERSON, Attorney for Nellie Armstrong, defendant.

The decree for divorce is as follows: "Charles N. F. Armstrong vs. Nellie Armstrong, April 5, 1900.

The above cause having on April



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Read the 'News'

THE INVESTOR

Some Large advances in Jasper Avenue property—Is trackage too high?—The Alberta Coal Merger—Great Possibilities of the Yellowhead Field—The Jump in C. P. R. and Hudson's Bay Company Stock—New Banks in Prospect for Edmonton.

To the Editor of Inves-ers' Dept.
Saturday News, Edmonton

Dear Sir,

In your issue of 21st inst. on page 8, column 3 in writing of warehouse property I note the following: "The only circumstance that will hamper the development of this wholesale territory is the price at which lots are being held, and heads of big Eastern houses visiting Edmonton in common with many of the best informed citizens of Edmonton are at one in the opinion that the prices asked to-day for trackage lots cannot be justified, etc."

Would you kindly inform me how you arrive at this conclusion. You must of course compare prices with other places and as I have for many years been studying this particular phase of investment or price, and have rates of prices in all Western Canadian and most of the Western American cities, I confess to being sorely puzzled by your remarks and would take it as a favor if you would further enlighten me on the subject.

Very truly Yours,
C. S. Wallis.

In reply to the above enquiry the remarks quoted were called forth by the fact that within the last two or three months some contemplated purchases which would have meant a good deal to the city and the strengthening of its position as a wholesale and distributing centre, are said to have fallen through owing to what is generally considered the high prices ruling in the territory referred to. It must not be overlooked that, to-day, a large portion of what is known as the "wholesale quarter of the city"—that is, the property north of Jasper abutting on Third and Fourth Streets is still of a residential nature. This is particularly the case in regard to the east side of Fourth Street. To ask anything from \$14,000 to \$18,000 for lots on the grounds that certain buildings, generally houses, produce a certain monthly revenue is to overlook the fact that such buildings are of no value to wholesalers but only an additional expense—the wholesaler must tear them down, dispose of the stuff and clear up before he can make any real use of his property.

The practice of arriving at the selling price of a genuine residential property with buildings on it, by taking into consideration the revenue produced by such buildings is sound, but the same practice cannot be applied when residences stand in the business portion of the city—more especially the whole-sale quarter which requires a class of building altogether different. It may perhaps be a little rough for the owner to have to sacrifice the buildings, but at the same time it is not reasonable to expect

the wholesaler to pay for an error of judgment on the part of someone else.

It is understood that vacant lots—and there are not many of them—in this territory are now held at from \$1,000 to \$13,000—a price that no one would venture to assert is cheap, and to ask a wholesaler to pay an additional \$3,000 to \$5,000 because there are buildings on the property which are not only of no use to him but which he must pay for having torn down and the lot cleared, is to ask a price which is hard to justify and which tends to hamper the commercial development of the city.

It would be interesting to know why the half dozen or more wholesalers who have opened up in Edmonton in the last 18 months or so are found occupying leased premises and doing a business small in comparison with what they would be able to do if they had the benefit of trackage facilities—careful enquiry on this point would in all probability result in the statement complained of furnishing the answer.

In spite of the continued cold weather there has not been any noticeable quietness in the investment field during the past week. This is a most hopeful sign for future activity as the climatic conditions of late have been far from favorable to business generally.

The sale of the North East corner of Jasper and Ninth—a double corner—at \$65,000.00 indicates the rapidity with which Jasper is growing especially when it is borne in mind that only three months ago or so this property changed hands at \$30,000.00. There can be little doubt that the arrival of the C.P.R. at their Tenth Street Depot will make this double corner a most valuable property. It will, and at no distant date, be an ideal site for a big first-class hotel, for an up-to-date apartment house or for a block of stores, offices and suites of rooms.

The decision of the Board of Managers of the Presbyterian Church to hold their property having a frontage on Jasper of 120 feet at the corner of Third Street for \$1,500 per foot has created a good deal of discussion in investment circles on the point of Jasper Avenue values. Without in any way inferring that this figure is excessive or depreciating the very real value of Jasper Avenue property, it may be said with a good deal of confidence that it will in all probability be some little time before the \$1,500.00 foot figure get as far west as Third Street. The decision of the Board not to accept any smaller figure would appear to indicate their desire to complete their new Church on

Fifth Street without parting with their present home—a very ambitious programme but far from impossible for this wealthy and vigorous congregation.

The announcement that a local syndicate purpose tearing down the Grand Central Hotel—no one will regret its passing—and erecting on the stand a modern up-to-date 90 roomed hostelry will be good news to all Edmonton is daily growing in importance amongst the cities of Canada and to-day no man of business or of prominence in the financial or commercial world would consider a tour of Canada complete if he passed Edmonton by. It is sound business to see that these important visitors are provided with ample accommodation and that it is of such a class and standard as will give the guest good reason to boost Edmonton when he returns to his home town. It will probably be found that the Savoy will join issue with our other first-class hotels and feature the genuine hotel business leaving the bar trade to take care of itself as it were.

The demand for First Street property north of the Norwood Boulevard is still strong and the past three weeks have seen a considerable rise in prices. The reason of the demand for this property is a little hard to find but it will probably be found to be due to a combination of circumstances: (1) the opening of the First Street Market on the first of February, (2) the opening up of a portion of the Hudson's Bay Reserve including a strip of three blocks wide facing First Street, and (3) the growing conviction that the Interurban Railway is to run down the full length of First Street and link up with the City's system at the corner of Vermilion Avenue.

The last ten days has seen a decided increase of interest in Jasper Avenue west of the C.P.R. subway. This property has been comparatively quiet for sometime past now and if, as is hoped, the present increased interest is maintained, the coming building season should see many improvements effected on the city's main thoroughfare between Tenth and Twenty-First Streets.

There appears to be a growing impression in the city that the early spring will see at least two additional banks open in Edmonton with a reasonable possibility of a third. Obviously one of these referred to is the Bank of British North America, which recently paid \$75,000.00 for a 50 foot lot just east of the present frame building occupied by the National Trust Company. In view of this heavy capital outlay it is but reasonable to expect that they will be asking for a share of the city's business in the near future.

In spite of below zero weather hindering the personal inspection of this suburban property, eight blocks of Alberta Park were sold during the first two days of this week to local and outside parties and a number of others are held under advisement, so that this subdivision is likely to be closed out within the next two weeks.

The Monetary Times gives more complete information regarding the large Alberta mining deal referred to last week. Under a Montreal date line it publishes the following:

A flurry in the stock of the Hillcrest Collieries has taken place at the same time as the announcement of the formation of a company called the Canadian Coal and Coke Company, the authorized capital of which is \$15,000,000. This concern is taking over four coal properties in Alberta which were formed during the past few years. These companies were: The Western Coal and Coke Company, situated near Pincher Creek, Alta., about six miles south of the Crow's Nest Pass line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The company has an authorized capital of \$20,000,000 preference six per cent. shares, of which \$134,850 was issued, and \$2,000,000 common stock, of which \$1,098,000 was issued. In addition to this, \$1,000,000 bonds, since were authorized and \$600,000 were issued.

The Lethbridge Collieries, situated near the same railway and about half a dozen miles from Lethbridge. The authorized capital is \$3,000,000, of which \$2,300,000 was issued. There were also issued \$625,000 six per cent. bonds out of the authorized \$750,000. The Pacific Pass Coal Fields, at Yellowhead, Alta., with an authorized capital of \$2,000,000, of which \$1,250,000 was issued, the bond issue being \$1,250,000, sixes, out of the authorized issue of \$2,000,000.

The St. Albert Collieries, situated within eight miles of Edmonton, and connected with that city by the Canadian Northern Railway, has a capital of \$750,000, and \$300,000 of bonds. Mr. J. W. McConnell, of Messrs.

Johnson, McConnell & Allison, who was interested in the promotion of all four concerns, is a prime mover in the present organization. Mr. E. B. Greenshields was president of each of the companies, and a similarity of interests is also shown in the fact that the names of the Hon. Robert Mackay and Mr. H. A. Lovett, K.C., appear on the directorates and that Mr. Chas. Ferrie, M.P., appears as manager or chief engineer in more than one instance. It is believed in financial circles that French capital is largely responsible for the new organization.

The connection between this amalgamation and the activity in Hillcrest Collieries stock is only a matter of surmise, but it might be found desirable to also include that concern. The buying began last Saturday at 30 for the common stock and 80 for the preferred. On Monday the common reached 47 and the preferred 91½, but a subsequent reaction brought prices back to 42½ for common and 90 for preferred.

The Hillcrest Collieries was promoted by Messrs. Charles Meredith & Company last March. Its properties are in the Crow's Nest Pass district. It was given authorized bonds of \$750,000, of which \$325,000 were issued, \$1,000,000 preferred seven per cent. stock, of which \$75,500 was issued, and \$2,000,000 common stock, of which \$1,000,000 was sold.

The issue price of the Hillcrest was \$92.50 for the preferred, including a bonus of 40 per cent. common stock, so that at present prices there is a good profit for the original subscribers. "The object of the consolidation," said one of the interests, is to bring about economies in management and to systematize production and distribution. The location of the properties is such as to furnish the groundwork of efficient and cheap distribution. The Lethbridge Collieries, situated near the American border, furnish a high-grade domestic coal which is readily marketable in the Northern States and throughout the southern part of the Northwest. The Western Coal and Coke Company, near the Crow's Nest Pass of the Canadian Pacific Railway, produces a steam and coking coal of the very highest quality. The St. Albert Collieries is at the door of Edmonton and the surrounding country in North Alberta, and will market a first class domestic coal. The Pacific Pass Coal Fields Company owns immense areas off the Grand Trunk Pacific, which are readily available for the great demand for steam coal along the line of that railway and through the Northwest part of the West. There is coal in each of the areas for a generation to come and the quantity available at Yellowhead is believed to be equal in extent to any deposit in North America."

That the land holdings of the Hudson's Bay Company, of which the block of three square miles in the heart of Edmonton is no small or unimportant part, have been a source of considerable profit, is evident from the prices that shares have brought within the past eight years. In 1902 they were as low as 21. In 1908 they touched high water mark at 120½. Last year they went as low as 75, and recent advices show that they are now up to 117½. Trading in them has never been very active, however, it being understood that those in possession are not at all anxious as a rule to sell.

Two new cities were added to the clearing-house list during the past week, Moosejaw and Brantford. The former has nine and the latter eight banks.

The placing of the C. P. R. common stock on a ten per cent. basis has a very large political significance, in that when that figure is reached the company's rates have been supposed to come under the control of the Railway Commission. This their solicitor now disputes, holding that the increased returns which justify the increased dividend come from the sale of lands, not from the operation of the road, and that the clause in the agreement governing the control of rates therefore does not apply. The matter will probably be argued out in the courts. In the meantime, however, the increase of dividend has had an immediate effect in the stock market. The intention of the directors was apparently kept a profound secret, as there was no upward movement prior to the announcement. Immediately following this, however, there was a jump from 107½ to 205½, and it has been as high as 209½.

There can be no doubt that by the additions to its stock that it has made, and the issue of the same to shareholders they have received more than ten per cent. up to the present. A writer in a London financial week-

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Orpheum Entrance — — — Jasper East

To Edmonton Subscribers of The Saturday News:

The problem of a delivery service is one of the most difficult that a newspaper has to grapple with. Every effort has been made to make that of the Saturday News thoroughly efficient and the management would deem it a favor if subscribers would immediately notify the office when their paper does not arrive on Friday. This is the only means by which it can remedy deficiencies.

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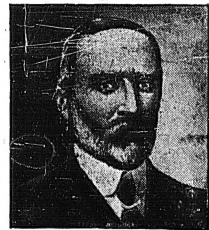
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big things to the shareholder. At the present rate of progress, if no control is exercised, C. P. R. stock should be selling for \$100 at 300. (Continued on page eight)

My Own Son Was A Martyr to Dyspepsia

"Fruit-a-tives" Completely Cured Him



INCKERMANN, ONT., SEPT. 23, 1910.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the best remedy I keep for sale. I am in the General Store business, at the above address, and have been a resident of Inckermann for thirty-seven years, and since I started this store, (four years ago) I have found your remedy the most satisfactory one I have sold. Many of my customers having used them with the most beneficial results, and I can truthfully say that I know of two particular cases, among my patrons, that have been completely cured of dyspepsia. They had previously been treated by physicians without being cured, but I advised them to try "Fruit-a-tives", and since taking that remedy their troubles have vanished.

My own son was a martyr to the same complaint, or Dyspepsia, and after a short course of "Fruit-a-tives", he is enjoying the best of health. I every general store keeper, who stocks medicines, would keep "Fruit-a-tives" prominently displayed, he would increase his business many fold.

You have my authority to publish this letter along with my photo, if you think it would aid the sale of "Fruit-a-tives". (Signed) ALEX. LARUE.

The sales of "Fruit-a-tives" are increasing by leaps and bounds. Thousands of people, who have been cured by "Fruit-a-tives" are telling the good news to thousands of others, and these in turn are recommending it to still others. "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit. See a box—6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



A match has been found for the Edmonton minister who undertook some time ago to instruct the Lord in geography. Down in Georgia an extempore pulpit effort ran thus:

"Oh, Thou great Jehovah, crime is on the increase. It is becoming more prevalent daily, as I can prove to you by statistics."

At a recent church gathering in Edmonton, the new minister of McDou-

"my bread's in the oven, and I must get right back to it." "Sorry, but it is impossible," replied the officer. "Very well, then, I'd rather lose my vote than my bread, but I think it is a very ungentlemanly advantage you take. Good day."

People complain of the sameness of newspaper accounts of weddings, and with considerable justification. The bride, regardless of her personal appearance at other times, always looks lovely. The groom is always the same negligible factor. The wedding party and the guests, provided The Ladies' Home Journal has been consulted with enough faithfulness, have their actions so well prescribed that most ceremonies are identical, with only the names changed. It is rather a relief, therefore, to come across this account of certain wedding festivities in the columns of the New York Sun:

Seven person talking at once, some in Yiddish and some in English, told a tale of weddings, kidnappings and burglars yesterday in the Union Market police station. This was the tale:

Harry Silverman, the son of Isaac Silverman of 117 Columbia street, was to be married the night before to Fannie Schwartz of Broome Street in the

cloak which the bride wore over her wedding finery.

"Not that," she said; "no; take these flowers," handing him the wedding bouquet which her sister was carrying. "I should look fine indeed going to my wedding without a cloak."

Then she espied a man with a beard who apparently had just entered the stable. A heard on the East Side betrays confidence.

"Help us so that we can get to our wedding," Fannie begged. "This wicked man has already held us prisoners for nearly an hour and the guests at the hall are waiting. If you do not believe me you also can see in the carriage and go to the hall and see for yourself."

At the bearded man's command the driver, who had hidden the pistol, backed the horses out of the stable. The stranger climbed up beside him and they all drove to the Volks Lyceum in safety.

So they were married. The party broke up early in the morning. Harry and Fannie went to their new home at 540 Sixth street and the 400 guests dispersed.

When Harry's parents entered their flat at 117 Columbia street they found that burglars had taken clothes valued at about \$250. The flat across the hall, occupied by Harry Simon, who was at the wedding with his wife, also had been robbed.

"I hear she is to be married. Who is the happy man?"

"Her father."

"Where can I hide?" gasped the mining stock promoter as he burst into his office. "The police are coming."

"Get into the simplified card-index cage," cried the chief clerk. "I defy anyone to find anything in there!"

Puck.

"Who is that man at the next table with that downcast, sad, resigned expression?" asked the guest at the club. "I don't recall his name," replied the host, "but he is either a Republican or married to a suffragette; one can hardly tell them apart nowadays."

--Life.

When charged with being drunk and disorderly, and asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner gazed pensively at the magistrate, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said:

"Your Honor, man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. I'm not as debased as Swift, as voracious as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched as—"

"That will do," thundered the magistrate. "Ten days! And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They are as bad a lot as he is!"

Reginald: "That's a peculiar ring you are wearing. Has it a history?" Margery: "Yes; it's a war relic."

Reginald: "Tell me about it, I beg."

Margery: "Oh, there isn't much to

stairs. The child was sitting complacently on the window-seat, looking out at the other children.

"Well, little girl," the mother began, "did you tell God about how naughty you'd been?"

The youngster shook her head, emphatically. "Guess I didn't," she gurgled; "why, it'd all over heaven in no time."

Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor is but the "Nestor of the Whigs" declined to confire with in uplift circles. In Chicago, his native habitat, late-returning husbands are required to repeat it as a sobriety test, and society reporters sprinkle it into their copy with thanks for every space-filling syllable.

Recently the sleepy reporter and the louty type man got snarled up in its intricacies, and when the morning paper came out it bore this remarkable announcement: "At the opera house last night Mrs. Robert Jones was gowned in yellow satin trimmed with Duchesse lace, and sat between Mrs. Chatfield and Mrs. Taylor."

"Ah," purred Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor's best friend, reading the item, with a polite smile, "presumably on the hyphen."

THE ROVER.

Though I follow a trail to north or south,
There's a little house on a quiet road
That my hidden heart loves best;
And when my journeys are over and I done,
'Tis there I will go to rest.

The snows have bleached this many a year;
The sun has painted it gray;
The vines hold it close in their clinging arms;
The shadows creep there to stay;
And the wind goes calling through empty rooms
For those who have gone away.

But the roses against the window pane
Are the roses I used to know;
And the rain on the roof still sings the song
It sang in the long ago,
When I lay me down to sleep in bed
Little and white and low.

It is long since I bid it all good-bye,
With young light-hearted disdain;
I remember who stood at the door that day;
Her tears fell fast as the rain;
And I whistled a tune and waved my hand,
But never went back again.

Toll I have paid at the gates of the world,
The sand I know and the sea;
I have taken the wide and open road
That steps unnumbered and free;
Yet, like a bell ringing down in my heart,
My home is calling to me.
—Verna Sheard, in the Canadian Magazine for December.

STILL ANOTHER POSTMASTER TELLS

WHY HE PINS HIS FAITH TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Doctors failed to cure his Bright's Disease, but he found relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Pills.

Clam Point, Shelburne Co., N.S., Jan. 23 (Special).—Joshua Nickerson, postmaster here, is among the many in this neighborhood who tell of pains relieved and disease banished by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I am sixty-two years old," says the postmaster, "and I'll tell you why I think so highly of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Owing to a bad cold my kidneys commenced to bother me, and the trouble developed into backache, stiffness of the joints, and finally Bright's Disease."

"I was treated by a doctor, but that did not help me much, and it was six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills that brought me relief."

Everywhere you go in Canada people tell you of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, and everyone who tells you can give the reason why. That reason simply is that there is no case of Kidney Disease, Dodd's Kidney Pills cannot cure. These people have tried them and proved their truth. Backache, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes, Lumbago, Heart Disease, and Bright's Disease are some of the more serious troubles that Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure, simply because these are all either Kidney diseases or are caused by diseased Kidneys.



Little Girl: "Please sir, I've brought the remains of the medicine you gave grandfather. He's dead, and mother thought you might like it for somebody else!"

gall Church made a reputation for himself as a humorist. The members of the congregation were discussing ways and means of raising money for the new church. One of them gave some of his experiences as a life insurance agent as a guide to others in the work of canvassing.

"Brother—'s ideas may be all right," interjected Mr. Hughson as the speaker sat down, "but he must remember that this is a fire insurance, not a life insurance proposition here we are running."

A doctor who urged that no canvasser should pay more than one call to a prospective subscriber was told that that was the first case on record where a medical man was ever content with one visit.

There is a dismal prospect ahead for those who shave at home. The barbers of New York are threatening to refuse to cut the hair of men who do not patronize them for shaves. Who knows but a year hence, unless we present certificates to show that we are not addicted to this form of industry in the home, we shall be told on presenting ourselves for a trimming of our locks to "go home and get your wife to cut your hair."

In Colorado the women have had votes for twenty years. Some election day stories told by the Denver Times shows what we shall be in for when Mrs. Pankhurst's ideas generally prevail. One young woman entered a polling place and said: "I want two ballots, as I wish to cast one for my sister who is sick and unable to come to the polls." "Your sister will have to cast her vote in person or not at all," answered the judge austere. "You mean to say that my sister is to be deprived of her franchise simply because she is indisposed and cannot come to your old polling place?" "I certainly do," "Well, then, I won't vote either; and I want to tell you, young man, that this looks like fraud to me, and I am going to report it to the prohibition headquarters and also call up the police."

The Denver Times, however, throws a ray of sunshine on the proceedings by showing that all women do not lose their domesticity when they possess the ballot. In this same issue is the story of a woman who said: "I am going to vote right now or not at all" in a crowded voting place in the Second ward. "Madam, there are others ahead of you, and you must wait your turn," said the policeman on duty. "But I must vote now," she cried,

Volks Lyceum on Second street. Eleven carriages were ordered to take the wedding party to the hall, but Harry stood on his steps and counted them and there were only seven.

When the carriage which was to carry him, his bride and her small sister Jennie, who was to be flower girl, came last of all, the driver demanded money for eleven carriages. "Two eyes I have," said the bridegroom, "and I only see seven carriages. For eleven I will not pay."

The three got in and after going a block the driver climbed down from his seat and again demanded money. When it was refused he slammed the door shut and whipped up his horses. Those inside soon discovered that he



Country Candidate: Let's hear the programme for to-day again.
Agent: "Car to Slopton interview factory owner 9:45 local bricklayers 10:10 back here Executive Committee 11:00 car to Mulford speech to brickworks' hands 12:00, smooth down Mulford committee 1:30 back here farmers' luncheon 1:15 car to Ripley kick-off football match 2:30 reassure Amalgamated Cordelers 3:15 then odd jobs Chickweed Growers' dinner and three evening meetings back here midnight compose speeches for tomorrow."
Candidate: "Righto. Got the proteid and chocolate? Then come on!"—Punch.

was going down Columbia street instead of up. In vain they pounded on the windows and shouted.

The carriage crossed Delancey street, and somewhere in Attorney street turned into a dark stable. The driver flung open the door and pointed a revolver at the heads of bride, bridegroom and flower girl.

"My money," he said.
Harry refused to pay for eleven carriages when he had seen only seven. Finally the driver demanded

tell. I won it in my first engagement."

The seven-year-old daughter of a prominent suburban resident is, the neighbors say, a precocious youngster; at all events, she knows the ways of the world.

Her mother had occasion to punish her one day last week for a particularly mischievous prank, and after she had talked it over very solemnly sent the little girl up to her room. An hour later the mother went up.

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"It was in the year 1888, and while still a mere boy," said a certain New York friend some of the early adventures at sea, "that I became tired of sailor life and went to Boston to look for something to do on shore. Shortly after my arrival in that city I made the acquaintance of Blondin, the tight rope walker, who was a member of the Franconi troupe, which included Martinetti and his famous Ravels. Having some natural talent I became, through the influence of Blondin, then a scenic painter, and we travelled about the country with varying success until the beginning of February, 1860, when the Franconi troupe disbanded."

"It was then that Blondin, who had seen and been greatly impressed with the beauties of Niagara, conceived the idea of crossing the great cataract on a tight-rope. He asked me what I thought of making the journey across the falls on his back. At first I thought that he was joking, but on his assuring me that he was in earnest I consented to accompany him, and together we started for Niagara to complete arrangements for the proposed feat."

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"These arrangements were strongly condemned, because people said the spray would keep the rope damp and Blondin was sure to fall. So we attached the rope from White's pleasure ground across to the Clifton House. The rope was 2,000 feet long. It was of manilla, three inches in diameter, made in a New York ropewalk in two pieces. Blondin joined them with a long splice, which, when the rope was extended, was in the centre of the span. It took us nearly five months to stretch the rope and get the guy lines in place."

"The rope was 250 feet above water at its lowest point, which was 50 feet below the highest—in other words, there was a grade of 50 feet in every 1,000 feet. There were 75,000 feet of guy lines attached to the rope. Each guy was weighted with a ten-pound sand bag to drop them out of the way of Blondin's balance-pole, and in putting them up the rope-walker crossed the span a score of times."

"At last we were ready to make the perilous journey, and it having been advertised through the newspapers that I was to ride on Blondin's back I became the subject of all kinds of adverse criticisms. Indeed, I was ready to back out of my agreement, when Blondin began to taunt me to such an extent that I finally decided that nothing could deter me from making the journey."

"Meantime Blondin had coached me as to what I should do. I was to put my weight on his shoulders only with my arms, and clasp his body about with my legs. But I could not put my weight on his legs, as that would render his movements. I had to keep all my weight on his shoulders."

"In July, 1860, everything being ready I took my place on Blondin's back, and we started to cross the rope. We began the descent from the Canadian side of the rope, and by reason of the fact that I had to bear my weight on Blondin's shoulders and could only use my arms to support myself, frequent rests were necessary. I told Blondin when I wanted to rest, and then dropped down on the rope on one foot and waited until my arms were relieved, when I would spring up again, using my arms to lift and hold myself in place. There was a great crowd present, but I did not see it at first."

"From my place on Blondin's back, I could look out to the American side and see below the stunted pines thrusting their sharp points up from the edge of the foaming, roaring waters, ready to split us in two if we fell. I remember that I was anxious to get over, and I recall, too, that the great roar before us swung alarmingly from side to side. We afterwards ascertained that the rope had been swinging forty feet at the centre. The swing was caused by there being a length of forty feet between the guys on one side and those on the other."

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Photograph, 1910, by Underwood, New York.

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30 H.P. with Foredoors—\$2,000, fully equipped for the road with mohair top, windshield, speedometer, and tire chains.

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L. A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

Contentment is merely the ability to forget for a while the things that are beyond our reach.

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"It was in the year 1858, and while still a mere boy," said a man who was recently relating to a party of New York friends some of his early adventures at sea, "that I became tired of sailor life and went to Boston to look for something to do on shore. Shortly after my arrival in that city I made the acquaintance of Blondin, the tight rope walker, who was a member of the Francina troupe, which included Martinetti and his famous Ravels. Having some natural artistic talent I became, through the influence of Blondin, their scenic painter, and we travelled about the country with varying success until the beginning of February, 1860, when the troupe reached Cincinnati and disbanded."

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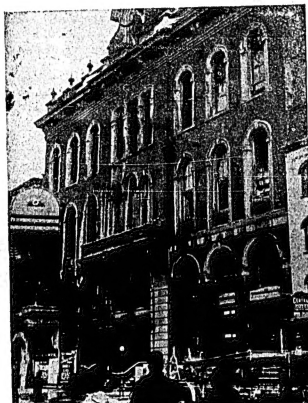
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